



VERSES

MATHILDE JUNGE



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Martha DeJonge

VERSES

By

MATHILDE JUNGE

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
to the
MEMORY OF MY FATHER
HERMAN JUNGE

21

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By MATHILDE JUNGE LUETKEMEYER

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A Craving	19
A Daffodil	98
A Dream	64
A Friend	72
A Glimpse of the Lake	60
Alas!	63
Alonzo	105
A Maiden's Charm	32
A Memory	58
An Impression at Sea	77
Apology	9
A Portrait	73
A Rainy Day	16
A Rondo	85
At Riverside	60
At St. Cergues	88
At Sundown	57
At the Cathedral of Magdeburg	87
Bless Him!	85
Blessings of the Dying	112
Come, Sleep	44
Compensation	36
Cupid	76
Dancing Sunbeams	42
Death	69
Deep Calm	26
Delight in a Friend	40
Ecstasy	31
Entreaty to Joy	47

	PAGE
Exanimus	92
Farewell	55
Father!	13
Forgive!	20
For Mankind's Comfort	30
Gaea's Sunshine	73
Greeting	9
Hail, Bacchus!	32
Happy	76
Have Mercy!	54
Hawthorne	56
Heidelberg	95
Huneker's Mezzotints	37
I'm Not Happy	101
Influence	58
In the Country	52
Italy	93
It is too Late	17
Landscape at Evening	38
Law—(A Fragment.)	86
Let Me Die!	104
Life's Zephyr Breezes	42
Life and Death	22
Lonely	25
Longing	20
Love	12
Love Infinite	43
Lovers	19
Mademoiselle Marie	110
Memory	51
Monsieur et Madame Curie	109
Morning Thunderstorm	77
My Brother	104
My Dearest	109
My Love	99
My Love for Thee	23
My Native Country	80
New Love	18

	PAGE
Night	44
O Juventa!	48
Old St. Saviour's	70
Once More	115
Phantasy	16
Please!	46
Poetry	25
Poet's Aim	67
Prayer	35
Que Je Suis Heureux	56
Reaching out to the Infinite	51
Recovered	63
Remembrance	110
Sacred	54
Santa Lucia	111
Snoopsy	114
Spring	11
Spring Morning	15
Striving for the Unattainable	49
Saint Valentine Eve	74
Suffering	10
Sweetheart	53
Temptation	39
Thank Fate!	96
The Anchor	108
The Birth of Faith	11
The Bittersweet	65
Thee and Me	103
The Ever New	97
The French Alexandrine	49
The London Sabbath	100
The Marguerite	41
The Seasons	17
The Silence of Night	77
The Soul's Resolve	14
The Striving Soul	21
The Student Days are Past	117
The Tragedy, Life	116

	PAGE
The Water-Nymph!	28
They know not Love	24
Thine Eyes	74
Thou	68
Thought on High	27
To a Friend	66
To a Friend on Vacation	43
To a Maiden	68
To a Traveling Companion	50
To be at One!	107
To Sorrow	61
To the Absent	59
To Thee	98
To the Moon	55
Unworthy	106
Vieux Chateau	91
With Patience	97
Woman	94
Woman and Man is Perfection	102
You	48
You and I	119
Your Influence	45
Youthful Love	46

VERSES

V E R S E S

Apology

Shall I really venture to risk the strongest
censure,
Really fling the flail to thresh out straw,
and hail
Invoke upon these shoulders, yea, well-nigh
Alpine bowlders,
Where I would fain enlist to please with
thoughtful gist?

Ay, patience is a virtue, whose practice can-
not hurt you,
And goodness of a trend, a limit, still un-
kenned;
So, therefore, pray, do spare me, if now I
crudely dare be
Presumptuous and audacious, to fill these
lines ungracious.

Greeting

Joy and contentment shall be all thy days,
Thou shalt walk on hereafter in happiness'
ways;
May today be complete as thy heart's wishes
view,
And yearly return just as joyful anew!

V E R S E S

Suffering

I cannot find my sleep tonight,
Thoughts are of him in grief;
O Lord, forgive the dreadful blight
That, faithless, I unsheaf!

O friend, my heart feels deep for thee,
Forgive what I have done,
And know, when thou art passion-free
Thou freedom shalt have won!

Forget me, fling me far away,
Yes, hate me, scorn, disdain;
But do not suffer day by day,
Thy sorrow brings me pain!



V E R S E S

Spring

What can be more beautiful,
What in nature have more charm,—
Surlly Winter, old and gray,
Spreads to youthful Spring his arm!

Timidly the youth appears,
Modestly in sight he comes,
But when once a foothold sets,
Soon demands all world to reign.

Then the Winter's steps retreat,
And fair Spring holds righteous rule;
Soon a youth he'll be no more,
But to Summer will have grown.

The Birth of Faith

In sorrow's cavernous depths
Religious faith is born;
The heart, that yearned in darkness,
It is no more forlorn:
Out of the mine of grief
Is brought the gold of hope

V E R S E S

Love

Love knows no name but, Love!
Love sees no aim but love,
Love's passions' might is love,
Love's boundless flight is love,
Love's cherished hope is love,
Love is the pope of love.

I awake in the morning,
'Tis love that is dawning;
Lay a-rest in the evening,
And love is not leaving.

'Tis love in my beaming,
And love in my dreaming;
'Tis love in my walking,
And love in my talking.

'Tis love in my reading,
And love in my beading;
'Tis love makes all sorrow,
'Tis love makes earth's heaven.

Two eyes that are beaming,—
'Tis love from them streaming—
Two others are showing
Where a heart is o'erflowing.

V E R S E S

Two lips speak of Beauty,
Earnest, and Duty;
A heart, all-embracing,
A mind, all good tracing.

Father

I think of you not sadly,
For yours is joyful Peace;
I think of you e'en gladly,
You rest in Earth's release.

No worry knows your morrow,
Your spirit lives full well,
And though our flesh has sorrow,
Your soul of Calm doth tell.

You hover ever near us,
Your presence soothes the pain;
The Good through you unites us
To One Eternal chain.

The finite of existence,
Which death doth claim to end,
Is but a weak resistance,—
To the Infinite doth trend.

V E R S E S

Ah! Joyful hope of Meeting!
Ah! Sweetest Recompense!
Yes, Somewhere must be Greeting
Of Souls, when flesh is hence.



The Soul's Resolve

I want to forget him, forget him at heart,
Live only for music, for poetry, art;
Have nought but the memory that once he
was mine,
That mine he still be, and not need I pine.

The heart that awaketh, awaketh the mind;
The soul, that hath slumbered, saith:

“See thou, thou blind.

Thy senses now open, thy tongue, let it free,
From God to Humanity all good given be.”

“The Beautiful now let thee solely inspire,
Truth, Goodness be embers to thy life's fire.
Away with the matter, away with the time,
Away with the physical,—the mind and
soul rhyme.”

V E R S E S

Spring Morning

The ochre maple, olive poplar,
The zinnobre of the larch and willow,
The darkness of the spruce and hemlock,
The luring red-hued Judas tree,
The buckeye bud so large, unfolding,
The quincebush blossom, scarlet red,
A distant light of pink on peach tree,
The brown of limb is almost hid;

The grace of bough and wave of branches,
The dancing of the merry twig,
The nodding, kissing, fond embracing,—
Ah, Spring, what joy, what promise this!
A modest sky of blue and cloudlets,
Hangs softly o'er this jubilee;
In distance shades to hues of roses,
And thence into the unknown sea.
Ah, hark, how chirps the sparrow's call-
ing,

How rolls and pearls the robin red,
How gurgles, twitters every being,
And shines the sun with balm o'erhead!
'Tis harmony and calmness, spreading
From all the budding sounds and sights;
'Tis peace transcends unto the living,
And hope, and life, and health, and light.

V E R S E S

Phantasy

Of his sweet kisses let me think,
Of his dear, fond embrace;
Of his bright eyeglance let me drink,
In his soul me enlace!



A Rainy Day

The fog, the rain, the filthy air
Speak not of joy nor sunshine fair;
The gray, the dreary gloom o'erhead
Reflects within a muddy bed.

The monotone of drop on drop,
Drawls out its melancholy chant;
The hush about a lonely stop
Foreshadows grief,—a human cant.

The darkest future gropes before,
The saddest past has closed the door;
The present is a state of war,
Eternity the only lore.

V E R S E S

It Is Too Late

Whoe'er has drunk from sorrow's well,
Has found the spring a bitter draught;
Whoe'er has sat in sorrow's cell,
Has found therein a deadly waft.

The heart feels heavy, chill and blunt,
It dies beneath the glacier's weight;
No huntsman there need dare to hunt,—
Alas! 'tis crushed!—It is too late!



The Seasons

AUTUMN

Calm, sweet, dusky night,
Veiled by a clouded light;
Hidden moon and silent star
Reign within the realm afar.

WINTER

Cold, chill, creaking air,
Gelid silver everywhere;
Icy-crystal stars above,
Bleak the light from Luna's cove.

V E R S E S

SPRING

Fond, tender, loving light,
Fairest hope of future bright;
Budding leaf and blossom pink
Beckon in the crescent's blink.

SUMMER

Grapevine blossom, roses sweet
Waft their perfume, love to meet;
Oriole and nightingale
Sing to eve, "Love, hail! all hail!"

New Love

Love! Love! Once again
Bright, sweet, calm, dear love!
Hope, peace not in vain
Ring, sing from above.

Eyes, lips, smiles that speak
Pure, fair, faithful love;
Heart, mind, fond and meek,
Coo, woo, like a dove.

Storms, stays, love has felt,
Staunch, brave kept its course;
Faith, truth wove a belt
Deep, wide, 'round its source.

V E R S E S

Lovers

Waves of love, they thrill the soul,
Edify the suffering heart,
Glorify the distant goal,
Sanctify the present whole!

Words of love, what peace they sing!
Sweet the strains of future hope,
Life and joy anew they bring,
When from lovers' lips they ring.

Gilded moonlight sheds its beams
Over two that are as one;
From their eyes light fairer gleams,
Each a star in heaven seems.

Measured step, clasped arm in arm,
Thought to thought, and soul to soul,
Angels they, and gods disarm,
Love divine in them the charm!

A Craving

God, Soul, Nature, we cry to thee,
Implore thee to open thy mystery;
We meet thee with heart and mind free to
be
A part of thee, Thee. Love, Eternity!

V E R S E S

Longing

The mourning dove is sighing,
I on the couch am lying,
And wishing for the dying
Of earthly flesh and pain.
My soul seeks for a Kingdom,
Where 's naught but Love and Wisdom,
And where Humanity's Freedom
Reigns supreme of all.

Forgive

Can harsh words be ne'er forgot,
Impetuous deeds so long gone by?
Cannot time make faint the blot,
That has blurred a friendly tie?

Will the mem'ry of joys past
Ne'er delight the present gloom?
Shall they all have been the last,—
Such a wretched being's doom?

Pray forgive, and have forgotten!
Let those days be far gone past,
For regret has since then trodden,
Where but joy should have been cast.

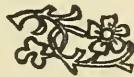
V E R S E S

The Striving Soul

The spirit rises effervescent, high,
To realms ideal, beyond the sky;
Unlimited happiness there resounds,
All nature free in nature's bounds.

The soul drinks strength from nature's
source,
And onward, upward, in its course,
Perpetuates eternal bliss:
In Beauty, Truth, goes ne'er amiss.

In struggle, strife, its progress finds,
And when at length Death rends the
blinds,
It soars to cognate spirit lives,
In nature's kingdom delves and dives.



V E R S E S

Life and Death

I

BEYOND

There is a shore
Where life's no more ;
Skeletons of the past
Have told their last ;
The waves flow calmly, meekly, kindly,
No passion's roar of breakers sounds :
The life of earth is there found ended,
A Life of Joy with Peace is blended.

II

HERE

The heart oft sad,
The mind rare glad,
All future hopes
Unwind like ropes ;
The battle of life is racing, shrieking,
No good unless it self enhance :
One bliss with this sad fate would mingle,
That He will say : "The gold key jingle."

V E R S E S

My Love for Thee

Why feel I so sad and so dreary,
So lonely and downcast and weary?
I love thee, yet find in this passion
A sorrow that fills me with grief.

I love thee, and see in thy glances
A faith and a love that entrances;
Thy sweetness brings calm to my longing,
And yet I am suffering with grief.

Oh, tell me! When thou seest the wealing,
The melancholy oft o'er me stealing,
Dost think that thou canst bear the burden
To cheer me, when I am in grief?

Ah, love, I do love thee so truly,
Do cherish thy good heart so fully,
Yet wonder, if thou canst be wholly
Content, with the love that I give!

Come, tell me thy life and its pleasures,
And cheer me in love's sweetest measures!
Come, let me bestow all the treasures,
That hide in this dark, hidden cell!

V E R S E S

Though dark is the recess that batters,
Yet well-nigh in threads and in tatters
It rends all its walls, and in shatters,
When thy footsteps hark at the gate.



They Know Not Love

And 'tis you they have called cold,
You, whose kiss is fervent glow,
Whose embrace, love, fetters so!

You, whose heart does beat and batter,
Sweet and sweeter flows love's strain—
You, a passionate maiden's swain!

Let us cry to farthest shores,
That he knows not love's domain,
Who can such of aught proclaim!

V E R S E S

Poetry

Musical rhythm of sounds that please the
imagination,
Thus begins the effect of pure, inspiring
poesy;
Then, as the emotion is scaling the climax
to new ideation,
Mingled with mental conception, reaches
the aesthetic summit,
Imagination, emotion, and thought united
in ideal relation,
Carry human life beyond the material ex-
istence,
Call out the spirit divine, and wed the soul
to creation.

Lonely

Lonely, sad, not understood
In your yearning, longing!
Not a soul, that, in this world,
Knows your thirsting, gnawing!

Not a mind, that meets you halfway,
Not a heart, that knows your love.
Not a soul, that soars on with you,
In your striving for humanity!

V E R S E S

Naught but passion, narrow feeling,
Naught but each for his own self;
Naught for humankind, for goodness,
Yea, no aim for truth itself!

Go alone, then, heavenly impulse,
Pass unknown through life's long course;
Misconceived be and derided,
Shrink within, yet work, work on!

Deep Calm

Words can no longer tell,
What the heart feels deep within;
Unlimited, unbounded the spell,
That radiates from end to begin.

Not the glow, that absorbs with intensity,
Not the frost, to the germ bringing chill,
'Tis the warm, deep, broad, harvest sun-
shine,
That sweetens the vine on the hill.

On the hill that is rising high skyward,
On the top of which shines the fair goal;
To eternity the future alluring,
Though the present a beauteous whole.

V E R S E S

Thought on High

Were I but a man, to content my inner
 longing,
To follow up the heart in its tense, deep
 vein,
To tread my eager footstep whither life is
 thronging,
Out in the free, clear, open world's domain!

To battle with the wrong, and to conquer
 down the sin,
To warn the men that on the yielding
 woman sore are treading;
To cheer the soul outworn, that in fright
 and in din
Is groping for the freedom, that so slow to
 her is spreading!

Sister, take the banner and hold it to the
 sky:
"Though woman is a lover, she also has a
 mind."
Let the men then grapple until they come on
 high,
You, a soaring eagle, o'er snow-clad summit
 find.

V E R S E S

There, upon a tree-top, set your nest to
 build;
Be not but a sparrow, that gossips with the
 guild!
Be the radiant sunshine, that melts the snow
 about,
But, too, the master learner, the teacher
 most devout!

Be the incense-burning of virtue, moral
 strength,
The temple of divinity, a woman in all its
 sense!
But let that banner guide you through love,
 and life at length,
May thus the men both love you, and honor
 you forthence!



The Water Nymph

She peeps out from the shore's green ver-
 dure,
 Begirded with a gilded veil,
Ensnares the boatman, lures him marsh-
 ward,
 Then leaps upon the sunlit sail.

V E R S E S

Then back again to bush and thicket
She darts, with lithesome leap and smile,
Allures him with her glance, and wicked,
Enraptures, trances him with guile.

Hah! boatman! Watch your skiff more
dearly,
Be not a phantom's foolish wreck;
'Tis but a maid of Neptune's kingdom,
The reeds and rushes warn your deck.

But now, behold! She doffs her garments,
Within her tresses wraps her limbs,
Then bounds upon the boom to forward,
And siren-like, sweet songs she hymns.

The pilot harks, is scarce attentive
That stern and rudder are at bay,
That rocks and roots, and swampy off-
shoots
Are dangers, that his hand should stay.

He gazes, winds his steps to boomward,
Seduced by yonder eyes of blue;
Yon waving of the hand to leeward,
Yon ringlets' sunbeams lure him too.

V E R S E S

He bends his body, only conscious
Of joy roused by the spectre's sight;
Beware! That spirit glides to Orcus,
Decoys you from the heavenly light!

Lo! Suddenly gone the ghostly vision!
Woe! Gone the man of lurid sense;
A gurgle in the gloomy waters;
Alas! Alas! Forever hence!



For Mankind's Comfort

The heart has ended its mourning,
And peaceful, its gentle flow
Is rising for humankind's solace,
That oppressed ones may cheerfully go
Where the paths, that are sweetened with
roses
And shaded with the graces of elms,
Whose pasts were but thorns and sun's
glowings,
May be comfort and joy to their aims.

V E R S E S

Ecstasy

Each wave moves on to kiss the shore—
Each wondering thought would **nothing**
more—

The shore of joy, the shore of bliss,
Where peace and happiness are His.

The waving waters cause a thrill,
And fill the heart with love, good will;
The clouds, that hang in yonder sky,
Reveal a love supremely high.

Ah, clouds, far off, to you I tell
The joy, the bliss this heart befell;
As yonder space of beauteous blue,
So pure, so high my love for—You!

But who this You, I need not tell,
The birds, the trees, the flowers know well;
The world shall know it by and by,
When spirit, heart and mind are high.

And still the waters laugh and rush,
Each wave greets others with a gush;
The sky smiles sweetly on the whole,
And love for all is in this soul.

V E R S E S

A Maiden's Charm

Ah, maid, who delv'st in love's deep depths,
In love's sweet luring heights,
Who spread'st the warm, the glowing
charm,
Divergent, from thy hallowed heart,
Thou sooth'st, allur'st, restrict'st, drawest
on,
Send'st waves of lofty thought,
Bedim'st, beguil'st, bewilderest, wil'st,
Inspir'st the heart with purest light.

Hail Bacchus:

Would ye be joyful,
Then drink ye this wine;
In it be forgetful
Of custom and time.

Would ye be truthful,
Yourselves would ye be,
And speak your heart freely,
Then drink, full of glee.

Inspired with devotion,
Raised far above earth,
Ye'd float in the ocean
Of love, and of mirth.

V E R S E S

Ye'd sing of fair women,
Of beauteous climes;
Good cheer would ye summon,
With music and chimes.

Ye'd dance a wild chorus,
In wit would outdo
The flight of swift Hermes,
Be youthful anew.

Ye'd raise your cup gleeful,
Oblivious of woe,
"Yea, wine," ye'd cry cheerful,
"Thou'rt master of foe!

"Thou'rt spirit of spirit,
In thee we are selves,
With thee we do merit
The joy of sweet elves!

"O Bacchus! We praise thee,
We raise thee on high;
O Venus! Adore thee
To Jupiter nigh.

"Apollo we hallow,
The Muses invoke;
Euterpe we follow,
In Erato hope.

V E R S E S

“Terpsichore offer
Our homage with joy;
Calliope proffer
Our poesy coy.

“O Bacchus of Semele!
Bacchantes we be,
Thy fauns be eternally,—
'Tis thou set'st us free!

“We love thee forever,
Devote at thy shrine
Our heart, and not sever
Our spirit from thine.

“In wine we do frolic,
In wine we do live,
In wine we are equal,
In wine ourselves give!”



V E R S E S

Prayer

Lord, that dwellest in nature,
Lord, that rulest the world,
Lord, that art master of passion,
Inspire the heart with thy love!

Thou, who dost live in each bosom,
In each little cell dost thy work,
Invisible, yet not unknowable,
Be guide to the soul bent on good!

As thou sowest the love seed in action,
Forewarn thus the mind to be just!
Lead onward perception to beauty,
But centre each deed in thy trust!

Be the light that inspired each longing
For love, and for beauty and truth,
For wisdom, for courage and temperance,
For justice, the essence of faith.

V E R S E S

Compensation

MAN

Will there come no moment ever,
When, content, I say, "Do stay!"?
Shall the heart yearn on forever,
Must the mind crave truth always?

Will there ne'er be satisfaction,
Ne'er the joy of the ideal;
Such the only compensation,—
The ideal lures forth the real?

Cannot Peace give full contentment,
Will not Beauty gratify,
E'er Religion raise resentment,
Love itself ne'er satisfy?

Must the human kind be whining,
Climbing ever on and on?
Will not Death e'en end the pining,
Never come the light of dawn?

V E R S E S

DIVINITY

Nay,—though't seem but void endeavour,
 Vying, with an effort vain,
Nay, my spirit not forever
 Shall contend with man in pain.

'Tis for this that thou art flesh-made,
 That in sweat, from virtue's toil,
Thou may'st clamber on, till Death's blade
 Send thee hence from pining's soil.

Then, whoe'er has acted righteous,
 Shall be saved from deluge's grave,
Shall leave strife behind, unconscious,
 In pure spirit's realm shall lave.



Huneker's Mezotints

Thou'rt a rhapsodist, of artistic whims,
 Impetuous, emotional, not yet sublime;
Thou pleasest with thy florid gems,
 And with thy frankness oftentime;
Thy Poe-adoration is expressive,
 Thy Chopin-devotion highly laudative.

V E R S E S

Landscape at Evening

The sun's yellow course is reaching the end,
Horizontally rays are covering the land;
Green fields of maize are dark in their verdure,

Ripe wheat is heaped in shadowy hills;
The cattle are lowing for water and fodder,
While longer and longer the shadows extend.

The forest to east but a cold, black barricade,

And dark is the wall of each house and haystack.

Alternate in yellow and bright green the meadows

Allure the eye to the far western view;
Dark hedges of bushes, and fences of railings

Point out where the limits of pasturage cease;

Potato fields thriving, the oats yellow ripe:
A picture of rural and sweet, peaceful life.

V E R S E S

Temptation

As Faust abhors carousing,
Through love to sin gives proof,
Stands firm of ambition aloof,
And though Beauty in Helen espousing,
Finds no content in his soul,
But strives for a nobler goal,
For Humanity's freedom and activity,—
As expectation, not realization,
Hope, through its contemplation,
Raise him aloft among men,
Urge him to go onward again;
So struggles the sense in each being,
So rises or falls he through love,
So must he from power be fleeing,
Ere quite it ensnare in its flow
The soul, that is striving to grow
To higher good, for beneficence;
So must he surrender the ideal
Of art, when experienced as real,
Or perish at Galatea's magnificence,
Ere reached be the highest activity,
For the world's uplifting and munificence;
So only can he develop,
So clarify the soul in its course;
Then will reward him envelop,
When one with Creation,—his source.

V E R S E S

Delight in a friend

How my heart palpitates at the thought of
thee,

How my mind wanders back to thy presence
with glee!

Can it be that thou lovest me?

Friendly speak, I entreat thee!

How thy charm flows soft o'er my spirit
rough and wild,

How thou drawest out the good with thy
manner gentle, mild!

Why is my tongue so free,

Art thou but near to me?

How an unfeigned, joyous glance speaks so
honest to me,

How thy voice appears ever agential to be!

Art thou the counterpart to me,

In temperament soothing and free?

How pure is thy speech, and how lofty is
thy thought,

How reverest thou the right, and of evil
knowest naught!

Yea, thou art dear to me,

As only friend can be.

V E R S E S

The Marguerite

Dear Marguerite of modest hue,
White and gold, and moist with dew
You charm the eye amid the grasses,
And sway your head with each fair wind
That stirs the timothy in wavy dint.

You look upon the sun's warm glow
With ever open glance, and grow
Erect upon your slender stem,
Of modest pride, subdued, demure,
Among your sister comrades, pure
Like she, whose name you bear as proof
Of sweet and heavenly innocent love.

No fragrance charms the passing crowd,
For one alone you are endowed,
For him, who plucks you from your soil,
Upon his breast a victim, spoil;
And when your head begins to droop,
He chides his heart, that it could dare
To have done harm to one so fair;
He swears that never blossom more
Will he bear off from its own floor.

V E R S E S

Dancing Sunbeams

Twinkling, dancing, sprinkling sundrops
Gliding o'er the esplanade
Golden yellow; dark blue shadows
Join them on the promenade;
Tickling eyes, and sweet sensations
Drawing in their merry flight,
You'll not grasp them; they are fleeting;
Swift are fled from out your sight.

Life's Zephyr Breezes

Gentle breezes, the zephyrs, sweep through
the airy boughs,
Soft sighs like lovers, recall love's early
vows;
They come, they go, and oft return,
Are sweet to each new ear,
Are hushed when nature lies at rest,
In springtime new appear.
They soothe the memory sore with strife,
Give comfort to a weary life,
Infuse with hope of coming joy,
E'en though they are but nature's toy.
The gentle breezes, like zephyrs, sweep
through the hoary boughs,
Soft sighs, the angels, reveal God's heavenly
vows.

VERSES

To a Friend on Vacation

So thou art out of town today,
Tomorrow, surely very gay!
When in betrothed one's arms you lie,
Each glance so sweet from her fair eye,
Then, pray, do but one moment spare
To think of friends, who have had share
Of your esteem, your deep regard;
Then fast forget the world of care,
And be of naught but love a bard.



Love Infinite

Love knows no end,
Love ne'er is spent!
Though tempest tears its case asunder,
Though lightnings blast it, rends it thunder,
Though arctic frost and tropic heat
Destroy the frame, wherein love's seat,
Though floods flow o'er the jewel shrine,
Or earthquake bury it, or brine,
The gem divine will ne'er lose worth,
But purer, fairer be each birth;
Yea, love's sublime, circuitous course
Outreaches life;—preternatural force!

V E R S E S

Come, Sleep!

Not yet enough of restless dreaming?
O sleep, come to my weary breast!
O slumber, let thy wings be gleaming
Upon this body, sore, distressed!
Give balsam to my tired spirits,
Drop gently o'er these weary lids,
Bestow upon these limbs their merits
For toils, wrought as the daylight bids!
Let muscle, nerve, each sinew's tension
Be loosened in submissive rest,
Let thoughts be gone; in sweet ascension
The mind within thy power be blest!



Night

Moonlit clouds are floating softly,
Breezy boughs a-waving, lofty;
Night is flying, peaceful, gently,
Sighing, dying, breathing, wreathing,
Sweetly soothing, calmly seething;
Loving life in deepest slumber,
Spinning dreams in countless number,
Strewing rest with sweet assurance,
Dusk the morn of life's endurance.

V E R S E S

Your Influence

Man, you have done no good to me,
You have drawn only evil and sin from me,
You have brought out the wicked in my
nature,
Have enslaved me to thoughts gross and
base.

You have sealed my lips with stubbornness,
You have lured forth a state of revengeful-
ness,
You have given me no impetus for action,
You have clipped the wings of my thought.

You have buried the instinct of sacrifice,
You have stained my heart with selfishness,
You have shaken my high, moral standard,
Have made me a prey to dire hatred.

But anew will I rise from these ashes,
Will work in high fields yet unknown,
Will soar with new strength yet untested,
Rise good, noble, true to my own.

V E R S E S

Youthful Love

Sweet clarions of music swell the breast
That heaves in hopeful longing;
It casts its claim with all the rest
Unto a rosy dawning;
In mellow tones it sings its song,
That heart that still is tender, young.

On cheerful, dewy morn it beats
Within a breast of sunshine;
Through meadow and through grove it
fleets,
Through bower of the woodbine;
Loud tones flow from young tallied hearts,
Sweet fragrance from love's blossom parts.

Please:

Let not the tie where love a liege,
Be torn so fast asunder!
Though tastes may differ, yet no breach,
Please, let my heart prey under!

I see no path that leads to light,
In darkness I, unwonted;
And still I feel this path is right,
Though lonely, dark, e'en haunted.

V E R S E S

Entreaty to Joy

O Joy, it is so sad to part,
To leave thee, so benign;
The heart a-quiver with youthful dart,
It must refrain, decline!

O Joy, thou art youth's only quest,
Thou touch'st my heartstring still;
And yet, O Joy, I must bequest
Thee to the past—Be still!

Alas, thy music trips my feet,
My heart leaps to thy strain,
My voice sings songs of past so sweet,—
O Joy, must I refrain?

Just once more let me lead the ball,
Just once more dance the waltz,
Just once more grace the banquet-hall,
And then, Joy, play me false!

Then let me be content with joy
That is not of thy kin,
Then let me labor, work; decoy,
Forget thy worldly din!

V E R S E S

You

How dare you judge of her ethical value,
You, who know not the facts of the case?
How dare you think she was guilty and un-
true,
You, who see but the game, not the chase?
Oh, pity! That you, who so subtle, full of
justice,
Should not feel that she ne'er could have
done such a deed,
But with judgment and suffering,
With mind and heart guided,
Persistence, yet courage,
With sacrifice, self-scourge!
Mind well, there is knowledge known but by
one knower!
Pay heed, there is action judged by but one
Doer!

O Jubenta:

Oh, could I call back days gone past
Of joy, of sorrow, all!
Oh, could I say,—“They’re not the last,
They’re not gone by, not all!”
Oh, come once more, youth, come again,
In happiness I’ll greet thee then!

V E R S E S

Striving for the Unattainable

What is it that does urge me on,
That never gives me rest,
That spurs and pains, ne'er satisfies,
That drives me to despair?
Not music, love, nor art can stave it,
Not learning rest the craving.
What is it tears both soul and body?
Is it a God seeks passage earthward?
Is it a spirit seeks to pierce me?
It seems to promise joy if reached,
And still it pains me unachieved;
It seems to be the bliss of living,
And yet the promise but of dying;
It whips me from behind, before,
It draws me to a joyful shore,
And yet it never lets me pass there,
But always wends itself much faster
Until a madness, sort of nightmare,
Is solely payment for the craving.

The French Alexandrine

Why should your rhyme be so mechanic,
Your rhythm trite and monotonic?
In music is rhythm,
But rhythm is not music.

V E R S E S

To a Traveling Companion

Thou art a rarity, an oddity,—
But thou dost lack that which thou should'st
not;—
Thou art resigned through disappointment;
But why resign? Why stake life's tide so
low?
Why ebb when thrill of youth is still within
thee?
Awake! Arise! Begin anew another theme!

Life's song symphonic flows along:
The Introduction and Adagio gone,
Let Schersoes of a Beethoven appear;
Sweet melancholy soon will dwindle small
To life's whole fulness, as the end draws
near;
'Tis not a Coda closeth such a life,
A grand Finale crowneth all this strife!

Thou art physician; let that be a cause
Wherein much good and greatness rest;
Seek a fair maid, build thee a hearth thine
own,
Let past be past, and future gleaming bright
ahead.

V E R S E S

Thou art so kind, so even-tempered, good,
It gives one cheer to meet thee so ;
But keep thy standard brandished ever high,
Most evident to every searching eye !



Reaching Out to the Infinite

The world is far too close for me,
Too small, too limited, confined ;
The heavens are too low, can be
A footstool only, for my mind.
My heart swells waves unknown in end,
My soul knows no restrained extent.



Memory

We have a sensation, retain it ;
Recall it, which then is remembering it.
The sensation digs out its path
According to the principle of habit ;
This path is the basis of retention
And, when active, the condition of recall.

V E R S E S

In the Country

Love, shall I now tell you my joys of today?
How the larks and the sparrows in measures
sang gay;
How round me the cricket in the shady dell,
'Mong the heathy grasses, sang a sort of
knell
To the lingering sunbeams, e'er they passed
from its sight,
E'er they left the green meadow, once mel-
low with light,
With fragrance a-sweet from the newly-
mown hay?
How the golden-rod, heavy, bowed its yel-
low head,
And the breeze winnowed gently o'er the
hoary bed
Of the dandelion, still erect in its stay;
How the wind swayed the grasses, and leaf-
lets away?—
Yea, my love, yea, verily, this was my joy-
ous day.

Then I sat and listened, music low, aloud;
Sombre, farther, cooler, wrapped in twi-
light's shroud,

V E R S E S

Slowly sank the Mistress, she the earth's fair
 swain,
Quitting aught but shadow in her dusky
 train.
Slowly, slowly, gently, she forsook her
 charge,
Set the darkness riot, let the night at large;
With fair lustrous emblems now she gems
 the sky,
With the moon, her daughter, and the stars
 on high;
They alone speak, silent, of the glorious day,
Tell of rays that fondled with the clouds at
 play,
Of the sport of windwaves, fragrance sum-
 mer-sweet,—
All a-rest at evening, Nature's happy mete.

Sweetheart

Sweetheart, your eyes are the blue heavens,
 Your hair is the golden sun,
Your lips, the blossoms of roses,
 Your breath, the perfume thereon,
Your smile is the love in earth's living,
Your words are a prayer and thanksgiv-
 ing.

V E R S E S

Sacred

Think not I do love thee no longer,
'Tis daily my heart is with thee;
Indeed, I am grafted far stronger
To thee, than could otherwise be.

I cherish, where knowing might have
pained me,—
Ay, are we not all full of fault?—
Hold sacred, where others but declaim
thee,—
Holy, as a dead in his vault.

Have Mercy!

Have mercy on this pitiful soul,
Have mercy, God, have mercy!
It knows not what its earthly goal,
Oh, gracious God, have mercy!
Its sinful body knows not rest,
O Lord, be kind, forgiving!
From evil thoughts it seeks thy quest,
It craves thee, unbelieving.
Its faith is but a moment's call;
Oh, God, teach it with mercy
To know, that thou art one and all,
Have mercy, God, have mercy!

V E R S E S

Farewell

Farewell, my love, I say farewell!
Our paths have crossed, but parted;
We met in youthful ecstasy,
We parted sad,—disconsolacy!

Alas, 'tis by! Yet to our good,
Though suffering our companion;
We've saved the remnants of our joy,
We look back, pleased, on hours so coy.

Farewell, my dear, love's last farewell!
Another course now calls me,
A new life spreads its fields of cheer,
Bright sunshine draws me from that bier.

To the Moon

Ah, moon, thou playest peek-a-boo
From out the clouds, and lover too;
The cricket sings its song to thee
As though it longed up there to be;
The breezes fan yon clouds away
Until thou shin'st as fair as day;
The leaves fond whispers sigh to thee,
The hounds bay distant joyfully;
The stars are mellowed by thy light,
Thy firmament is quiet night.

V E R S E S

Que Je Suis Heureux:

Que je suis heureux !
Comme je suis joyeux !
Aujourd'hui il se marie
A sa bonne, belle fillette !

Si je disais la toute, toute vérité,
Je dirais que je suis très heureux,
Parce qu'il a trouvé son bonheur
Avec une vierge si belle, si claire.

Mais si elle ne porte pas à lui
La joie, dont il a besoin le plus,
Puis je serai très attristé,
Ma vie n'aura point de félicité.

Hawthorne

The sweet, pure, charming influence
That from thy pen has sped,
Does haunt the heart and head
With visions of life's munificence.

The solemn, tangled mystery
Bound up in Nature's realm,
Thou hast led at the helm,—
A master in the bounteous sea.

V E R S E S

At Sundown

Long green shadows on the golden field
Proclaim the evening coming;
Slowly, slowly, wends his course
The Sun; the busy humming
Of the bees has ceased its soothing sound,
The thrush and lark are silent round.

The calm of night approaches gently,
In the distant circuit of the sky;
Faint mooing in a far-off meadow,
Then a weary, long-protracted cry;
Ah, Joy! The fair day's task is over,
'Tis but the milkmaid's pails uncover.

Soon will the peace of twilight hover
Above the veil on earth's fair brim,
In restful strains cicadae scissor,
The crickets sing their evening hymn,
Then silence reign in blind dark stream,
Sweet sleep dissolve the Earth to dream.

V E R S E S

A Memory

What memory lies in yonder song :—
 “Throw out the life-line,” sad !
What feelings creep up from the past,
 From autumn’s last leaf-fall,
For him, who ne’er has seen it more,
 Ne’er will see it again,
For him, whose life was rich and full,
 Who, rent from loved one’s arms,
Lies peaceful in the far beyond,
 And there waits calm and still
To greet the souls left grieved behind,
Left desolate, left sad and blind !



Influence

His voice has raised me ’bove the earth,—
 The sense was means to senseless—
To pure, ethereal, spaceless realm
 This broad extent converted.
As high thought words sprang through the
 air,
 In cadence most perceptible,
So in one unwatched moment flew
 The soul, in pure relation to
 The spirit, that it created.

V E R S E S

To the Absent

'Tis sweet to long for the absent
Who with love to us are befringed,
Yet 'tis bitter to long unrequited,
To long with a love that is tinged
With the darkness, that it ne'er will be
lighted
To action, to a flight that is winged
With the same sweet longing,
With the like dear thronging
Of thoughts and of heartbeats,—
True love, yet not quite unselfish!

But how, when you long for the absent
With the sweetness of earnest assurance,
That love ends not with time's long endur-
ance!
That it glories to the end of eternity,
Is limited not by fraternity,
Expires but in the bounds of divinity!
It seeks not, nor does it find,
It lives and dies, undivined
By any but the love who knows,—
True love, divine and unselfish!

V E R S E S

A Glimpse of Lake Erie

Snowy heaps of clouds follow the South-
wind's behest,
As they glide from the heaven's blue crest
To the far-off shores of the green waters
below,
Waters, that glisten in the shining glow of a
noonday sun,
Sparkle even in the purple shadows, that
wander ever and anon
With measured pace, like the footprints
in desert lands
Wafted from sight by the desert sands.
Slowly, stately, as if laden with cargoes of
gold,
Roll the barges bound for the West;
Proud of the consorts in their fold,
They plough the waves in hopeful quest
Of merchandise, and of black gold.



At Riberside

My church is where my father lies,
'Tis there I tell my sin;
And out from him all goodness flies
That fills my soul within.

V E R S E S

To Sorrow

Idle pass my days
When my heart beats not in sorrow;
Alas! I am weary always
When I think not of the morrow!
Woe, when pain me abandons!
Then life has lost its essence,
All's to me a blank and a haze;
But, oh! How my grief, though it stings
me,

Hardens the belief deep within me,
Scourges, and feasts on my doubts
Until far away are the clouds;
And again basking sunshine ensnares me,
I idle, frolic, and dare be
A judge of my happy, sweet companion,
He, who is perfect on the pinion
Of an angel, in his flight, to the light.

In idleness I challenge every creature
To vie me in my sport of living,
To be winner o'er me in giving,
To victory me in laughter,
To outdo me in life's joys;
Alas! There's then not the alloy
That changes the gold into firmness,
'Tis brass, glittering brass to the core.

V E R S E S

Oh, Sorrow, thou my comforter and healer,
My goad to action, to purity and pity!

 If thou wert not true,
 What then could I do,
 Who idle in thy glory,
 Thy sculptured, edgehewn work!

With passion's suffering agony
Thou, Sorrow, wanderest the forest,
And cultivatest the dry wilderness,
From marshes takest the morast,
The poison; the human and the mortal
Thou preparest for the portal
Of the heaven, once to come.

Alas, when sorrow leaves me,
Then stand I in that great sea
 A helpless, moving mass of flesh
 A-drifting on within the mesh,
Caught in the pound of living!

Hence, Sorrow, thou my guardian,
My tutor and salvation;
Let not the Idle hold me,
Nor Happiness enfold me
With its alluring sight;
 Let ever thy grief newly mold me,
 And ever thy power firmly hold me!

V E R S E S

Recovered

Thank God, I love no more,
Indeed, no more adore!
But only think of all
As of a funeral pall,
That spreads upon a dream,—
Yea, 'twas naught but a dream—
That shrouded all the past
In purest white, and fast
Has bound the cord of fate,
Ere 'twas too late, too late!
Alas! I love no more,
No humankind adore!
O Woe! My fate is sealed!
Hadst sooner been revealed
I might have spared me pain
And might have brought him gain,
He, who has loved me so,
He, whose I am full-souled.



Alas

Another twig is broken,
Another sigh is spent,
A bud lies wilted, lifeless,
Another hope is rent!

V E R S E S

A Dream

I know a man whose mind my mate,
And yet we are not mated;
His heart belongs to his fair Kate,
And mine is satiated,
So now no longer fibres thrill;
Indeed, it was not God's high will
To give me hearth's warm glowing!

I dreamt a dream, and dreamt it late,
I dreamt, and waited, waited,—
I dream it still at this late date,
Alas, it seems created
To never give my peace its fill;
O, can it be that Spirit's will
To never reap its sowing!

I set to work at Art's command
To ease the inner longing;
I found no rest e'en at its hand,
Such was the ever thronging
That filled my soul, way down, within;
Such was the turmoil, gloom and din,
I could not find a mooring.

I left the field to Plato's wand,
My thoughts I led a-saunter;

V E R S E S

I found no solace in his land,
And still today I wander,
I know not where I should begin;
O, Spirit, why this lasting din!
Wilt thou ne'er end thy warring?



The Bittersweet

Dost know the bittersweet,
Hast seen it reaching to the sky,
Hast noted how it firmly stands,
Then round itself does twine
For want of other prop or stay?
Hast tasted of its bitter root,
That ends in sweetness fair?
Hast seen it shape an arbor cool
'Gainst heats of midday glare,
And known it to give shelter warm
From Northwind's chill alarm?
Alas, such bittersweet am I,
Alone, self-twined,
A mass of heart and mind
That gladly would unwind
If but thou touched it kind!

V E R S E S

To a friend

I love thee, maid, but thou believ'st me not;
I clamor, heart, to quench my love at
love's sweet shrine,
But thou wouldst know none of such last-
ing love as mine,
Thou spurn'st devotion as a plaguéd plot.

Thou think'st me cold, for thou dost know
me not;
And yet for thee there never beat a warmer
heart
Than speaks in silence at thy side my soul,
Which, absent e'en, does love unroll.

How oft, my friend, when in an hour of rest
I sit me at the hearth's chill gloom,
I wonder, maze, invoke my memories best,
To see what little might bring up a bloom
Upon thy mien, pale, in Madonna cast,
Of beauty rarer than a lustrous pearl!

From out thine eyes such soulful life shines
forth,
A spirit bathed in sorrow speaks to me;
Ah, love, if thou but knew'st my deepest
worth,

V E R S E S

Thou turn'st not cold thy loving heart
from me;
I worship where my sympathy flowed fully,
free,
If thou but yield'st me chance forever thine
to be.



Poet's Aim

'Tis poet's right to bring to light
The people's thoughts and longings,
To delve them out and lay them bare,
To tell them, whether low or fair;
His song must raise the mortal's pains,
And faults and wants, to higher planes,
Must lead them to a spiritual height,
To joy and goodness, peace and light,
To realms of thought, to action's field
That gives no atom's chance to yield
To sweet temptation,—bitter grief,—
To poverty of degenerate weave!
So poet's aim to paint shall be,
But mainly elevate must he.

V E R S E S

To a Maiden

Why should I not rave o'er a maiden,
And deem her a flower fair,
Be ecstatic o'er graces of movement,
Ay, mad with love, when her hair
Is trained in strains and dear folds
O'er her forehead, her eyes like two vio-
lets;
Those features, that lily touched with
blushes,
That voice as the sighing of rushes
In the waves of the brook, as it gushes
Between the pebbles and stones!
Why should I not be enraptured,
E'en I, though a woman myself!



Thou

Thou art a fount of inspiration,
In jets of clearest crystal flows thy life
From springs so deep, creation
Itself with all its highs and lows, its strife,
Could not have marred my shining sight,
When thou soar'st upwards in thy flight

V E R S E S

In gems of purest jewelled thought,
A giant, king, a master, aught
That noble instinct could create,
A ruler who has mastered fate.

But how that rule? Not outward, nay,
Within thyself thou rulest fate;
Thy inward life its outer clay
Molds as Pygmalion hew his mate;
A spark of genius is thy soul,
Perfection is thy earthly goal.

Death

A cry burst through that aching heart,
A cry that broke e'en hope apart
From its abode, its last resource;
Blank is the mind, the heart is cold,
All courage fled, the case is void
Of strength to hold the shriveling thread,
Whose fibres one by one unwed;
The last faint hope has left the frame,
The chase is o'er, caught is the game.
O death, thou unrelenting foe,
E'en thou canst not in peace hence go,
E'en thou bring'st suffering, tak'st away
The last warm ray for which we pray,—
That we may meet on yonder way!

V E R S E S

Old St. Saviour's

A pile of old historic stone,
With square and pinnacled tower,—
Its triad-buttress flying bold
O'er aisles, through which a portal
Looks gothic wide and gabled high
Into St. Saviour's bower;
'Tis Jesus' love-adoring shrine,
This Southwark house of worship.

Herein lie buried bones of dust,
Once singing on the stage of life
As on the stage of fiction.
What could be fitter monument
Than love, ideal united,
Than martyrdom and sacrifice,
Each to the other plighted,
In Old St. Saviour's shafted vaults?

Here Andrewes found his last repose;
And Fletcher lies a-resting
Within the choir of slender pose,
Whose shafts mount from the floor on high,
Whose piers are emblems of the power of
genius,
And deep-cut, pointed, lofty arch

V E R S E S

Is open as the Book of Jesus;
There Massinger and Edmund Shakespeare
Lie hidden in their caskets old,
Are one with God, and all the fold.

On pages of the ponderous tomes,
Whose wooden covers, ancient clasps,
Hold names of sacred Scriptures worthy,
Are writ in olden English scroll
Such folk as Emerson's and Samuel John-
son,
As Goldsmith, and America's Harvard.

Upon the pavement trod in prayer
A Becket! Ladye Chapel's walls
Heard heretic condemnations fall!
Here James of Scotland wed his love Joan,
And Chaucer planned his Pilgrim band.

The hallowed ground now fallow lies,
Engulfed by brute, prosaic force;
Here poesy and memory dies,
Proud London knows no more the voice,
The heart, that here in anguish lay;
Forgotten is the noble clay;
The glory shining once so bright

V E R S E S

Beneath the echoing, vaulted nave,
Where souls met in devout conclave,
Is lost. Posterity, shame! Base shame!



A Friend

I know not the color of thine eyes,
Nor know I the line of thy lips;
I think not of thee as a man,
But as a friend, ever true and strong.
Unselfish in thy decision of celibacy—
Health is not thy greatest possession—
Thou wouldst not wed lest a burden
To the maiden whose heart is thine own.

Heroic in action and thought,
Heroic in silence and suffering!
Let me sit by thy side and hearken,
Hearken to thy beauty in utterance.
Modest as the fawn of the woodland,
Truthful without asperity,
Thou wouldst love the whole of humanity,
And yet live thy life alone.

V E R S E S

Gaea's Sunshine

Her bloom has faded from Gaea's cheek,
The blossom has lost its glow;
Forsworn seem the forces of nature, alas!
'Gainst her, the hoped fruit of the Sun;
Sweet, mellow when ready to harvest, to
answer
The boon of kings and brave knights in
their choice;—
Not too low for the courage nor chivalry of
old,
She a bud, that was nipped in the mold.
Thus fair a gift had she been, forsooth,
Had sunshine but ripened her to fruit!



A Portrait

Could I but draw thy face with all its
forcible lineaments,
Its square towering frontal, striking as the
broad expanse of sea!
There, in that brow, are seen thy ruffled
spirits,
Thy calmness, or thy joy unbounding;

V E R S E S

Like a mirror to thy soul it laughs,
Thinks high, or jests in humorous wit;
Strong 'neath the battlement's bold projec-
tion

Each feature stands across thy face:
Eyes that can twinkle with the flash of
thought,

Or rest in trust upon a speaker's counte-
nance,

Or, again, in diffidence go search for under-
standing,—

Honest eyes, quick as thy thought to see
and to know!

Lips that are full, a fondness for talking,
Chin square and firm like thy character
withal;

I look at Thomas Huxley, and I see thee
again,

I read of his life, and thy mind makes its
impress.

St. Valentine Ebe

Wrapt in a hood of dove-gray and pearl,
The sky hangs lucid as a veil to the moon;
Subdued and calm, as the covering of a
babe,

V E R S E S

The earth sleeps beneath the soft, downy
sheet;

Jack Frost is secretly scampering about
To nip by stealth the nose or the toe;

No wayfarer finds himself free from the
imp,

Lest indeed it be he, who trodding alone,

Is already pierced by a much surer
thrust,—

By Cupid, on this dear Saint Valentine Eve.

Thine Eyes

My mind is sheathed in thine eyes,

Oh, loose it, once more let me free!

Soft and protective in the darkness,

Quiet, as in the shade of an elm,

I gaze enrapt in thy beams;

And yet I ask that thou free me;

Think why! No, thou know'st not where--
fore!

It is, that in the falling so deeply

Into two black starry cairns,

I find myself full in a heaven,

The vision of which never returns.

It is love's first sight that is telling,

Though love's deep draught is compelling.

V E R S E S

Cupid

Deep in the pale of my heart
Cupid's shaft, trembling sways its reign;
The quiver is bared of its weapons,
The last arrow flung to my depths.
Exultant stands the little mischief,
From his eyes he has torn the fold;
Still vibrates the bow at his elbow
As he dances, beside him with glee;
Yes, boyling, you've conquered at last,
You've spent your strength in the doing;
Deep at the bottom of my heart,
Sore with marvels of shafts,
Is one that now you may shiver
To pain, sweet, hopeful, enduring.
Persevering, you've haunted me daily,
Have shaken my soul to the marrow,
Now you have won the great victory,—
Never that shaft leaves my heart.

Happy

And I thought of him,—and was happy—
The heart was expanded to the love of
Deity,
The Earth was a shining star in the sky,
As I thought of him,—and was happy.

V E R S E S

The Silence of Night

The clock ticks the passing hour,
As the moon sheds a silvery sheen
In the depth of midnight silence;
Unfathomed as the space of the heavens,
Unmeasured as the speechless sea,
The night awes us to prayer;
Every bird is nestled in sleep,
Each leaf is kissed by the air
And cradled in the silence of moonbeams;
Soft tread the fairies, a-dreaming
They bend in the perfumed air,
Silent as the non-existent,
Dumb as the unknown nowhere.



Morning Thunderstorm

Aurora sped on her way
O'er the blackest cloud of the night,—
'Twas four o' the clock in the morning
When the rain fell in torrents and seas,
Aurora wheeled onward in leaps
Over the chasms of lightning;
Each leap sank in crashing bolts,
Unwont to the rosy maid's coming.

V E R S E S

Not a stir of the air,—like a crime,—
The atmosphere drenched as with poison,
Hung low and heavy near the earth;
As a blazing battle of swords,
As the hammer of Thor in his anger,
Crash! Crash! The heavens moved madly,
Redundant with malice and hatred. . .

.

Then farther and farther the noises,
The lights more distant appeared;
Aurora came rolling more gently,
Her leaps were fewer and less. . .
At last 'mid the timid chirping,
The song of the birds in the wood,
She crept from out the night's garment,
In flight from the storm and uproar.
The trees breathed anew full of verdure,
As the leaves swayed aloft in the breeze;
The Light had conquered the darkness,
And day, with its cheer, ruled the world.



V E R S E S

An Impression at Sea

As rolls the sea, and the ship's bow pitches,
So swells my heart at sight of thee,
So leaps my thought, as thy eyes like
witches

Enthrall my sense, beguile all me.
Alas! Again Puck's tricky wilings
Have wounded, where but lately healed
My life-blood flowed in sweetest streams,
And now comes from the deep again.

Not stormlike yet, nor calm as mirrors,
But gently as the capless swell,
Invisible as the cloud-clad moonbeams,
But clear as crystal, pure as light;
So am I tossed with love's warm longing,
Unguided in its boundless sea;
I love and yearn, but dare not claim thee,
Alone I'm cursed to wander on.

Hopeful, sad, deep meditation,
Hanging at love's pliant thread,
Loud delight, despair's dread darkness,
Joy alone with love is wed.
So thou too, I see entendered,
Thou art one with me in thought;
Thou art leaving, I am dreaming,
We are one, and I am thine.

V E R S E S

My Native Country

My native country, thee
'Twere shameless to defy;
On thy dear soil I'm free,
In thy embrace would die.

Thy youth with innate wealth
Fair promises doth lend;
Thy glory stands in health,
A strength that doth not bend.

A race from many lands,
A land of many climes,
Cannot ancestral bands
At once turn from confines.

Our fathers, who so staunch
Sought this dear freemen's shore,
Have lent our blood a launch
To ply life-ocean's door.

Yea, 'tis but through the gate,
Into the hallway cold,
We've paced our steps to wait,
And there find glittering gold.

V E R S E S

For must not man have bread,
Must he not clothe his frame,
And then can onward tread,
And think of nobler aim!

Must he not till the soil,
The depth of mine explore,
Heed well that Nature's foil
Doth not break in the door!

Ay, when in comfort's reach
We as a nation rest,
Then will we soar to teach
The world, with what we're blest.

Then will we sing our songs
Of Hudson legends, tales
Of Rip Van Winkle's wrongs,
And Sleepy Hollow dales;

Of Pilgrims on the shore
Of Plymouth coast and ledge,
Of Independence War,
And Constitution's pledge.

We'll sing of East with zest,
On Southern brilliance muse;

V E R S E S

Raise high the torch to West,
The North with light suffuse;

Of beauty yet untold,
The Yellowstone's steep flow,
Of high Cordilleras bold,
The Gate of golden glow.

Then to De Soto's soil
Our thoughts will onward wend,
How Indian camp and spoil
Gave aid discoverer's trend.

We'll sail the river bound
For Creole lands; advance
Where beauties, rare, are found
In dark-eyed woman's glance.

In orange groves we'll hear
What whispers lovers sigh,
In palm tree's shadow peer
Into beloved one's eye.

New Orleans we'll embark,
Cut through the Gulf's blue main,
To where Menendez' spark
First flamed for once great Spain.

V E R S E S

The Suwanee River ditty
We'll now reduplicate,
Stop at the grand old city
Saint Augustine, and Gate.

We'll lead to northward then
Through cotton, rice and corn,
See gaily singing men,
The negro, now joyborn.

And then of Freedom's War,
Once more we'll raise our voice,
How Lincoln's eye, afar,
Saw this the noblest choice.

And when we've reached the Lakes,
Whose depths are still unsounded,
Cut blue Superior breaks,
Chicago us astounded;

Then once more we'll embark,
Now for Pacific State,
Pass toward the Tropic mark
And to the Golden Gate.

From Pasadena's charm
We'll seek the northern pole,

V E R S E S

Grasp our Alaskan arm,
The Esquimaux extoll.

Thus can we sing of zones
As other none can claim;
And thus with gorgeous tones
In time we'll spread our fame.

Thus, soon, in comfort's reach,
When toil can claim a rest,
Then shall we soar to teach
The world, with what we're blest!

Then will the time for Art
Spread out its signal wing;
Man give the godly part,
The best within him sing.

So let us clamber on,
The goal is yet untold;
Soon will there come the dawn,
The heavenly man unfold.



V E R S E S

Bless Him:

Is it the woman, is it the poet,
Prays to bless you, build you strong!
Guardless of self, without image of person,
Nightly she kneels at her couch in prayer:—
Bless him, oh, bless him, give fulness to
 longing,
Make him as great as his soul craves to be;
Guard him in goodness, give health,
 strength, endurance,
Bless him, Creation, let him rise ever on!
Moon, give him peace as he looks on thy
 countenance,
Raise him aloft as his spirit seeks thee;
Bless him, O God, increase all his powers!—
—Slowly she wends from her Lord to her
 pillow,
Thinks not in love, but only in prayer:
Asks Him to bless him,—and then finds her
 rest.

A Rondo

Sweet sound the chimes of night,
 As the angels sing their song;
Loves come down in a throng,
 Hallelujah is their song.

V E R S E S

The heavens resound in prayer,
The clouds are glad with song;
All the loves come down in a throng,
Hallelujah is their song.

The earth is radiant with light,
As the sweetness of the song
Of the loves, that come in a throng,
Resounds: Hallelujah, Song!

Sweet as the chimes of the night,
So the angels sing their song;
Love comes down in a throng,
Hallelujah is its song.



Law

(A Fragment.)

There was peace in the Universe—
The Sun alone was master.—
At his bidding rolled the planets,
The fixed stars obeyed his powers—
They feared him, but were drawn to him;
Law was the eternal command.

V E R S E S

And millions of time flowed by.
And the Sun was waning in strength:
Repulsion attraction gainsaid—
The planets grew barren of life;
Yet the stars continued to glow—
Law was the eternal command.

And other worlds grew to life,
Whose suns had not yet gone out,
Other eyes beheld other things,
There was coming and fleeting of strength;
But Law was the eternal command.



At the Cathedral of Magdeburg

When culture meets culture,—harmony—
When interest finds interest,—joy—
Though strangers, no strangeness.—

Within the dark old choir,
Musty with the dust of age,
At the brazen casket of the bishop
Sudden steps and a voice appear,—
A gust of fresh Spring air—
Bishop Ernst almost rises to life,
Tilly's boots bear flesh and blood,
And Vischer's spirit is abroad.

V E R S E S

That Gothic nave throws echoes,
The alabaster Paul speaks out,
Otho and Edith are living,
The nineteen crowns strut as gold,
And William's window is holy,
Is rich as flowers of Spring,
And Jesus with the bishop's mitre
Discloses our souls akin.

The holy of holies is entered,
The slab over Otho discussed,
The carved miserere delights us,
The Christ-child at bath is alive.
And while we do homage to Edith,
And gaze down the nave 'mid the ribs,
The organ resounds in the distance:
Harmony binds souls akin.



At St. Cergues

Above the mountain, white as milk
A heap of clouds—like foam of milk—
Clung to this mountain from the sky.

V E R S E S

And where the edge cut into blue,
There silhouetted stood, black-blue,
The cedars' cross-armed pyramids.

And in the vale behind me, lay
Asleep the town by day, it lay,
Its chalets' eyelids drooped in shade.

And then I felt the line of hills,
As curve meets curve of other hills,
And shortly lost my way to fields.

There down below me spread the lake,
And high, far on, a glacier lake,—
Mont Blanc in all its whiteness linked.

And once more peep of town I took,
And once more hold of me it took,
And gave me joy in its repose.

A dozen roofs, a church or two,
A country road, another, two,
That fell into the depth of wood.

And farther still I turned my foot,
Pursued the heifer's printed foot,—
The sound of cowbells drew my ear.

V E R S E S

And as I tramped and tired grew,
The shady shades and coolness grew,
And asked me to take rest thereby.

I stretched me in the soft sweet down,—
The hay and grasses were the down—
And listed to this little world.

For who e'er heeds that little world,
That at our feet is crushed, that world
Of hundred,—more,—and useful lives!

And while I sat and wrote these thoughts,
A tinkling tink came to my thoughts,
A tink up high, a tink down low,
A tink, kling, kling,—and kling, tink, tink,
A jumping, tinkling, tink, tink, tink;
As white and brown, and gray and gray
Came nearer from the gabled stay,
It gave me thrill of Alpine sound,
That ne'er was felt at heart before.

And klink, kling, kling once more afar,
A white and black and yellow scar
Came down to hollowed trunks to drink,
And nearer brought the tinkling tink;
A picture as ne'er painter saw
Bewitched my eye,—I could not think.

V E R S E S

Vieux Château

A little nearer the clouds
Up here by the Vieux Château,—
A heap of pebbles and dust
This once habitation of men.
Not many are the years gone by
Since the master's voice set command,
Now he is moulded to ash,—
His walls, set for ages, at last
Have found but a like passing fate:
The doom of all man's vain prate.

The birds hover about in the trees,
Next year finds a new nest built,—
Let man forsake his old home,
And Nature will take hold the field.
And yet, homo, glori'st at thy art
That dies as the wind on the wing,
Forgett'st what a finite thou art,
What a pigmy in a universe of worlds.

As I gaze at the blue sky above,
So limitless in its extent,—
And think of the spaces beyond,
I sit and am quite content
To feel, that some day will come

V E R S E S

When I too shall see these far worlds,
When I too shall evolute, go on
To a being, a state higher still,
Shall approach, if but an atom in strength,
To a god, be ideal at length.

And below me there lies the small lake,
Geneva's fair namesake and pride;
'Tis blue when you see it at hand,
Up here but a mist in the plain.
And the mountains like hills skirt its shore,
The Alps and the clouds are not high,—
A bit but this earth and the sky.



Cranimus

Only I am left of him, and they;
He to me forever gone!
Spirit is but life, and he is dead,
Mine but is alive of his, and theirs,—
He is gone, forever gone.
Death has broke the chain, the link is cleft,—
And we, living, seek a new wend;
He is gone, ne'er will we see him more.
Death is not beginning; 'tis the end.

V E R S E S

Italy

Italy, fair dream of the past,
Of but a year ago!
How I crave thy sight, dear Venice shores;
And of Perugian height how my inner eye's
delight

Uncoils the memories bright!
Of Florence with its palace rooms of art,
its heart
Alow among the olive gray, the cyprus
black,

And Vallombrosa blue;
Its broad stream flowing 'neath the gold-
smith's bridge of yore,—
Of but a year ago!—

And on to Rome I wander 'mid the ruins
glade,

And in a Sunday shade my eye does fade
Into a past of Caesars, past, yea, past—

Yet but a year ago!
And now Sorrento, Capri, orange dales,
Sweet fragrant gales, beneath a sky that
hails

The deepest sea to counterfeit its blue,
And Naples Bay, Vesuvius on high,

V E R S E S

All bid me seek their springtime air, so
fair,—

A memory!—A year ago!

Ah, take me back to Italy again,
Away from men, into the den of Nature
true,

To smile and joy the joys
Of but a year ago!



Woman

Woman, thy place is at man's side, close
to his heart;
Thou art above him, being of thy free own
will beneath,
Thou art his equal, setting self aside for
humankind.—

He is thy pard, thou mate and comrade
unto him;
Spare him and thee the fruitless wrangle
between man and woman,
Be unto him as man to man, not unto frailer
woman;
Ah, Weakness, thine to make or mar,
Thine heaven is, or thine is hell.

V E R S E S

Heidelberg

Thrust, nay not thrust, but drifted
From passion deep to flight of thought
Whose welkin height was yet not clear,
Until arrived at sublime religion,
In words and deeds far beyond voicing;—
Such state unutterable joyed the being
While castle clad in Springtime veil,
And clime and verdure and the song of
bird,

Lay peaceably on mountain side
By river edge and town and tide,—
For is not Neckar wave a Rhine son,
Whose Delta plied by ocean's flow!—
In quiet lay the town below
Where Old and New Bridge cross the
stream,
Flanked by a path on yonder shore,
Whereof the line in misty blurr
Is lost, and haze bedims the towers
Of Speyer good many a mile away.

Not proudly gay, nor stately handsome,
But lovely with an inmost peace,
The walls and massive-towered ruin
Look back on years in glory spent,

V E R S E S

While well-nigh buried in a bed of green-
wood
Allure the worldsick, wandering eye
To rest in placid thought and lore.



Thank Fate:

Thank fate, I had the judgment to slip
away!
My heart was full, and yet my head was
strong.
I loved you,—’t is so true—as none I loved
before,
I loved you, as one loves to wed;
’Twas not ideal, nor yet the sense alone
That drew me to you in those first sweet
days.
Ah, sweet they were, too sweet for
aught
But lovers, lost in pure devotion!
You are not of my kin, but love
Thought to o’erlook. My head was
sound,
It saw what later days would know too well:
We would have parted as we’d met,—a sud-
den.

V E R S E S

With Patience

I love you, love, when you're away,—
My voice cries out to see you;
And when you come, I'm all astray
In thought, e'en though I'm near you.
You are not I, I am not you,
That is the tragic climax;
You know not me, I know not you.
What is it? Folly?—Patience!

I'll try again, and o'er again,
I'm sad, I weep, despair!
You're not my sister, left in pain,—
You 'nd I seem not a pair,
And yet we are but lovers still.
Oh, folly, is it true?
Ah, no, I'll not despair with will,
I'll try again with patience.

The Ever New

Strange what fancies take a hold,
How the past is linked to present,—
How the love that was of old
Signs a pact, as omnipresent
As the firmament so bare at daylight,
Glorying bright within the dark night.

V E R S E S

To Thee

Thou art to me the synonym of soldiery,—
As brave in war to serve thy country, home
and king

As ever man who gave his life for cause;
And yet the tender in thee makes me weep,
It touches with its glory the hardness of my
heart.

Thy wit, thy mind, thy tastes are of a gen-
tleman,

Thy love of sport the soldier is in peace;
Thy sensibilities are of art,
Thy patriotism the soldier's part.



A Daffodil

A daffodil grew across my path,
Of fragrance charming-sweet,
Of slender pose, whose breath of thought
Swept grace from crown to feet.

And in each petal saw I soul,
In lips, in eye, in cheek,—
And in the smile's quick come and go
Did golden sunshine speak.

V E R S E S

And when the lips sent words, though
few,
Warm Springtime winds sped o'er the harp,
There was a light within—from you—
And sounds as of a glorying lark.

Most tender goodness was the spell
That flowed into a human heart,—
A stranger took a stranger well—
Sweet daffodil had done its part.



My Love

My love has gone a-roving
Out into pastures gay—
And I am left, a-loafing,
Too long for her away!
She gave me one last greeting
With tightened lips and tongue,
I could not tell the beating,
Her heart she'd not unstrung.
And yet I trust her feeling—
'T is Nature made us one,
The law of mind revealing
Each unto each alone!

V E R S E S

The London Sabbath

Not the sound of a wheel, not a grinding,
Naught but the wind in the Square;
Morning, noon and evening
Silent, but for the breath of air,—
The Brakeman of the world's greatest city,
Toil, stops the gears of his care.

Full a thousand of roads in the ant-hill,
Millions of hives snug the way;
Tomorrow the goad of the Brakeman
Stirs the mites all to play,—
A love of labor and of barter
Starts the wheels of each day.

Not this, 'tis the day of the Sabbath,
Chimes only float on the air,
The bees are honeying the spirit;—
I ask myself faintly: "Where
On the bosom of Earth's crusty circuit
A like day of like careless care?"



V E R S E S

I'm Not Happy

Oh!—I have longed all day for a word from
you,
For some sign of love or of interest;
You have said good-day, and how-do-
you-do,
But alas, you've not sought me with in-
terest.

You have kissed me for the pleasure it
has given you,
Not for what of joy there might be for
me. . .
You pain not yourself to know more of
me, . . .
My thoughts are to you strange as my
living!

My doings are to you naught of action
and of time.
And I give you love, words and deeds,—
I give without slight returnings—and
climb
Down to your heart, and sow seeds
That never will sprout, not even in
time.

V E R S E S

Today above all I needed your thought,
You gazed not with understanding, and
sought
Only to feel your own living! . .

Ah, love, I love, and love only you, . .
'Tis music, that tells of my secret, . .
Alas, that's why I am suffering too,
I'm not happy in living thus on with
you!

Woman and Man is Perfection

There are days when the world is all beauty,
When love speaks glad from each face,
When all our possessions are perfect,
Expression in art finds its grace.

The emotion of high mounting passion
Tears body and mind in its pace;
The heart bounds to wooing and action,—
The god of love in the chase.

I know well the cause of such joying,
And others, some, know why the maze;
I'll not tell, you'll find me a-soaring
Again, just search in my gaze.

V E R S E S

'Tis electric, this force in our living,
Subjective its source and its phase,—
The genesis of man in creation,—
The power of mind fills all space.

Woman and man is perfection,
Each unto the other his place,
Each is alike unto other,
Together the sponsor of race.



Thee and Me

I would give myself to thee
As I long to give myself,—
Soul and thought, yea, each and all,
All I will and have and be.
To the lowliest I would stoop
To unite all me with thee,
To behold in fullest sight
All in thee and me of light;
Then rise upward, each with each,
Until beyond stars we reach;
In a mutual understanding
Earth and heaven, e'en God commanding.

V E R S E S

Let Me Die:

Let me die, Fate! Purest joy is not in time's
nor man's endurance,
No happiness can be eternal—and mine is at
its height this day.
The tragic, that tomorrow may come the
sorrow, come awakening,
Throws shadows on the present light;
O, Fate, hence let me die tonight!

My Brother

Tears fill the eye as I think of thee,
Good and faithful, loving, kind;
How deeply we might welded be
If heart remained with heart, and blind
We were to all but thee and me!

But large the tempting world without,
That draws us each to test our strength;
Each with a power, not small, endowed,
Must challenge trial at fullest length.

I wish thee happiness, my love,
All goodness, comfort and success;
No space nor time shall rend our love,
Thine ever be my fond caress.

V E R S E S

And still the tears flow through my pen,
For thou art far from here and me;
I long to see thy face again,
Would but a moment be with thee.



Alonzo

My heart has bid me think of you,
It seeks your presence dear;
'T is Sunday eve, the air is cool,
The voices gay and near.

You are away in bugles' realm,
Perhaps of wounds are rent;
Could I but hear your voice again,
Your eyes on mine search bent!

Hear tales of honored soldier's craft,
Of desert, wood and plain;
Eke out your depth of soul and mind,
Besmile your wit! 'Tis vain!

In memory hushed, I must abide
The joy I cannot own;
In phantasy for years must hide,
Confine my longing's zone.

V E R S E S

Unworthy

I know it well, thou art too good for me,
Unworthy am I such as thine! . .
In goodness, patience none can like thee be,
And I am rough and wild, unkind.

Take me to Thy haven, God, take me to
Thy breast;
Stately slow I come along, black the bier
I rest.
Pale is feature, cold is hand, silent lip and
heart and thought;
See I angels at my feet, guards that watch
my slow assent;
Upwards to the peacefold come I, solemn is
my dread approach;
But the entrance barred is firmly,—not my
life have I done right.
Sin has crept through brain and marrow,
unto friend have I been fraud;—
Solemn, dread I come, an outcast; heaven's
not for such as me.—

Heaven means to live henceforward higher,
purer than at first;
Leave a trace upon the races, leave a touch
that ne'er will fade.

V E R S E S

Heaven is the goal eternal, never found by
man's weak frame;

God is goodness, is perfection, is the whole,
the world, the all.

On eternal, good, progressive,—not step
backward, nor stand still.



To Be At One

A loneliness enthralls the mind,
Its callous chastisement has not
Yet robbed it of the tender longing
To be at one with joyous Nature!
To be at one! Alas, such is the ever yearning!
At one! It is the end endeavored, unattained.

No malice fills the heart at sight of bud and
sun,
Nor love, nor hope, but yet this single last-
ing yearning
To be at peace, at rest, united with the
Universe,

V E R S E S

To be at one, to feel that life is still worth
living,
That game and chance are not within crea-
tion's realm,
That there *is* God, and God is purpose!

Ah! Is there God? O, would that I could
see it, know it!
And would, that knowing, still could lead a
life of action!
O Universe, fair Nature, is there not a token
To put the faith of trust within a burning
breast?

I chide not parent, nor the school of learn-
ing,
It seems within the sphere of Nature
To cast me 'mong the glad, the faithful,
Interrogation as my being's essence.
I cannot trust, I long eternal!

The Anchor

My heart has found repose, the anchor
Now staunchly braves it 'gainst the sea,
And with mine fetters, safe from rancor,
I bide my time; the storm be free! . .
The ship of love sails on protected;
My anchor, thou, I trust in thee.

V E R S E S

My Dearest

My dearest! Upon my knees I pray for thee;
To whom I pray, I know not, yet I pray.
Thy goodness and my love are here united,
Thy goodness is the essence of my long-
ing . . .

—With hands clasped on my brow, low o'er
my couch

I lie, my innermost in pure submission;
Bowed, pleading flows my soul out for thy
good,
Thy welfare is my last fond hope and wish!



Monsieur et Madame Curie

Monsieur Curie is dead, a victim to the act
of courtesy!

Science, truth, united with the warming
charm of heart,

Asunder torn to leave undone the chemist's
service to the world,

A service, coupled with the effort of brave
woman:

Madam Curie, a scientist, and ah, a
woman!

V E R S E S

Remembrance

It was a happy Spring that year,
But all too short, the dream had vanished
from my hold;
Not yet forgotten are the days with you I
spent,
And Autumn drops a fear upon the
mound of passed affection.

Mademoiselle Marie

The vine of the wine you seem to me,
The blossom, the sweetest in all the realm;
But a moment the fragrance, and is gone
again.
A memory the scent, out-timing the years,
'Tis deep, 'tis sweet. The fruit of the bloom,
Who loves not the sight, when drop clings
to drop?
Heart intertwines mind, a pearl here of wit,
A pearl there of thought, a sparkle, a gem.
As the tendril's delicate touch toward the
sky,
And the staunchness brave of the hardy
stem,
So you are in tenderness, you are in
strength.

V E R S E S

Santa Lucia

(From the Italian.)

Lightly upon the sea
Skims my bark fondly ;
Sweet maid, O, come with me,
We will go gondoling.

Calm are the moonlit waves,
Fair are the breezes,
Star bright in silver laves,
Come, my bark pleases !

With this warm zephyr air,
Fragrant and tender,
O, how sweet 'tis to share
The sea's calm splendour !

Out in serenest night
Far scatter sorrow ;
Come, maid, list to my plight,
My mandolino !

Lightly in love's accord
Soars my song fleetly ;
Why stayest thou thy word ?
The moon smiles sweetly.

V E R S E S

Come to my bark, my maid!
Silent the oarsman,
Placid the water's shade,
Gladful the even.



Blessings of the Dying

I have received the blessings of a dying man,
A man of four score years, in faculties
As full as man of two score ten.
I have received his last, his very last sweet
smile,
In open-mouthed, real earthly, godlike
joy,
As fell his eye upon my sudden sight.
Good Gods, of Being, of Death, Hereafter,
Now and all,
How is it I deserved such welcomed
thought?
A dying man, glad to pass into the beyond,
And yet unwonted glad to see me at his
side!
I touched his hand, as daughters fanned
his brow,
I could not speak, I could not utter
word—

V E R S E S

For feelings, tears swept thoughts into my
heart,
Good Gods, let me do worthy the last of
love,
Of truth, of blessing as it rayoned from that
presence,
As life was standing judgment at the end!

Ten years and three since I had stood at
grim death's door before;
Then, too, a last farewell,—though knowing
not its meaning—
A seizing, pressing of the hand by parent
dying,
A look as if to say,—Upon you falls the
burden. . .
And when it came I could not grasp it!
I felt that will, his will, must bring him
back,
Must keep him. How little knew I death's
undoing!
Grim master, but the sighing of a breath
'tween you and being!
All that an hour ago pulsated full of hope
and action,
Hewn from the human realm, a nothing! . .

V E R S E S

A current cut, a consciousness at large! . .
How? Where? And Why? Good Gods, give
answer!

As tree is dead and violet dying,
As bird falls from its living flight,
So man
. she spoke expiring!

Snoopsy

There is a void within my life,
A something gone, that consciousness would
not confess,
A something basic in my nature.
The liquid of my mind fermenting,
A large air bubble floats within the new
concoction,
Less violent, let us hope more potent.

And yet this bubble, what its purport?
I trust that air too, with its power omnipo-
tent,
Will bring back balance to my life!
That void will form a welted wholeness,
It was the all, the only mine in former days;
Again I have it, it will hold me.

V E R S E S

Once More

Stromboli once more active as in Virgil's
days,

San Vincenzo, Bartolomeo in despair ;

And yet but double thousand would be suf-
fering there,

A paltry few, if suffering can be measured
so,

Think you of Reggio and destroyed Messina
fair.

Once more wild Scylla and Charybdis reign
supreme,

While pestilence chokes erstwhile human life
and verdant

Of Sicily, the flower of Italy.

Emmanuel, his queen, the Montenegrin
princess,

Trod bravely, kindly lending hand and love
and word

Amongst the maddened, naked, famished,
bleeding, fleeing

Flames, waves and quakes, and rumblings
in the bowels of Earth.

Aetna as yet—the monster of historic past—
In silence, threats to crazed imaginations
speaks ;

V E R S E S

Vesuvius lies reminiscent of distress
While Naples clad once more in nurse's
dress.

The Earth is growing smaller, larger day by
day,
As Nations, clustered in a common cause of
aid,
Reflect the irony of fate,—in battleships
They comfort bring to maimed and hun-
gered, agonized!
What sea has left and fire, and wrecking
walls pour forth,
Is carried thence to Napoli by Britain,
French,
By us, by Russian, German, every sailor
strong,
While Italy mourns her fair Sicily.

The Tragedy, Life

I would burst all the ties of love,—but the
One;
And would shred the conventions of
living;
And the talk of the town I would tread
with my feet,—

V E R S E S

Not even hate would I give to the scur-
rilous.
Nay, life is not worth the love of hate and
the hate of love;
I love none,—but you!—I scorn the rich so
rabid with the curse
Of gold, that rivets them basely to life's
sins.
I laugh at the learned, who know not their
own unculture,—
I clutch to a nothing, an unspaked hope,
not of life,
But of betterment in the ages to come, to
the animal called human.
O Gods, O nothing, O Hope, brace me in
the tragedy of life!
Let me laugh at the weakness,—it is all
too sad to cry!



The Student Days are Past

The student days are past,—I weep!
They brought such joy as none in life;
Pure, keen and mental in their uplift deep,
They raised me unto spheres ne'er scanned
before.

V E R S E S

All past! No student more of free and care-
less soul!

Within the lecture-room and near
An air of calm serenity and hope,
The hope of knowledge, key to this and
all the worlds—

Alas! A student's dream—a shell without
the germ!

The woman student and the man drank in
the cup

Of truth, as spake authority with experi-
enced age.

We listened and had faith in him until,
Now past those years, life has upset yon
days;

Living has joined its force with abstract
truth,

The hours of student's faith and joy are
sunk

From whence no freedom, be it yet so
kind,

Can bring the irresponsible in youth and
thought.

Life crude, concrete, commanding throws
its feelers out,—

It clutches to demand its right;

V E R S E S

Responsibility weighs us down, cast we not
soon

Material to the nether realm, again to dwell

Upon the height with gods of thought.

Alas, the student days are past—and yet I
hope!



You and I

There ne'er is a like relation

As that twixt you and me!

Each had not thought before the other

Without expression knew its purport.

Together as we were from morn till night,
Each caring for the other's thought and
doing,

Each long divining what the other's feeling,
Each telling by the step, the voice, the eye-
brow

What was within the soul of other.

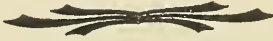
Oh love, you're bleeding; what of me,

Who've lost my all in losing you?

'Twas with my will I made the changes,

V E R S E S

Yet without cost I thought to gain them.
I'm sore, I'm suffering, I am hollowed
Like trunk of tree, whose strength is fail-
ing;
You were the blossoms of this tree-trunk,
Now marrowless I sprout to skyward.



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